

[**Ass Man by Carrera_os**](#)

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Summary:

Billy has been trying to get a chance at Steve's ass since he got to town, tonight's the night he finally succeeds.

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Billy laughs and pushes his door open, Steve's eyes shifting to him with curiosity as Billy pushes his seat forward and climbs into the back seat. Billy leaves the door open as he lays on his back over the seat, legs stretched and hanging out the door. "Get naked and get back here, I'm not done with that pretty ass of yours." Billy grins at Steve as he flushes and starts stripping, giving a chuckle as Steve bangs his head in his hurry to get back to Billy.

Ass Man

Author's Note:

This fic has been sitting in my wip docs one sex scene away from being finished for nearly two years and it's finally done. So just remember if you've lost your spark for something it'll come back around, just give it some time.

Ass Man

“I’m an ass man.”

Steve does not understand what Billy is actually implying when he says he is an ass man in the locker room one day. But his cheeks still warm as he catches Billy looking at his ass, tongue out and grinning. Steve does not understand why his dick gives a twitch either and opts for hurrying out of the showers rather than giving either instance further examination that day.

The thing is Billy does not just say it the one time while looking at Steve’s ass he says it more and more after that. Sometimes casually when someone questions his preferences and if Steve is in sight, Billy’s eyes are always on him, specifically on his ass. Sometimes he will bring it up without prompting, will lean in close and stare Steve in the eyes as he says it, all low and husky like some kind of invitation that Steve does not quite understand. Steve always makes himself scarce after, he does not want Billy to have anything on him and the half chub pressing against the zipper of his jeans would surely be used against him.

Steve figures out exactly why he has that reaction to Billy a few weeks later. After some dry humping and a hand job at a collage party out of town with some guy he never got the name of that vaguely reminded him of Billy and his stuck in the eighties mullet. After that night he gets real familiar with his own ass, two fingers,

and plenty of lube. But that does not make dealing with Billy any easier, if anything it makes the constant teasing worse because there is no way Billy means it the way Steve wants him to.

“I’m an ass man.”

Billy is not really sure what he is expecting the first time he says it while staring at Steve but it is not the flushed, panicked look he gets. Billy grins when Steve leaves the room discreetly covering his dick and then he just keeps at it because pretty boy is not as straight as he appears to be. Anytime anyone brings anything up that Billy can edge that phrase into the conversation while staring at Steve’s ass he does, makes sure Steve catches him looking and licks over his mouth slowly with intent.

Billy does not know why Steve is not getting it, why he keeps running away from him with a flush. Billy gets bolder and bolder. Without prompting he will get in close, stare into Steve’s pretty brown eyes always wide with surprise when Billy gets this close and say it without prompting. Billy does not know how to make himself clearer without just well, grabbing his ass, so that is Billy’s new plan.

They are at some party, everyone drunk, Steve is tipsy himself and Hargrove has been knocking them back when he corners him. Steve downs the last of the punch in his cup and tries to resist leaning in closer because Billy is already moving in plenty close. Billy’s breath smells like the fruity punch they have all been drinking, masking the vodka that comprises ninety percent of the drink and he pins Steve to the wall with one hand against his shoulder. Steve’s skin feels too tight, and he wants to squirm, instead he tries to straighten, tries to use his one inch advantage over Billy but he does not seem to notice, just presses in even closer, until they are knee to hip.

“Hey pretty boy, been looking for you.” Billy’s tongue is out licking over his mouth and Steve feels his cheeks heat.

“Been here all night.” Steve chokes out and this time he cannot resist the urge to squirm because that hand leaves his shoulder and starts trailing, slow and firm. The corner they are in is darkened, not enough lighting in the basement everyone is currently partying in and Steve is grateful for the measure of privacy it allows.

“Nah, not been right where I want you but we can get you there” Billy murmurs, Steve jumps against him, their bodies going flush as Billy’s hand gets to his ass and starts kneading at it through his jeans.

“Your hand is on my ass.” Steve squeaks out as he tries to will his dick down because it is reacting to this, just like it reacts to everything else Billy Hargrove does.

“As you know I’m an ass man and it’s not the only thing I intend to get on your ass tonight.” Billy rasps and Steve’s dick gives another interested throb but he is also panicking because he always panics about Billy.

“I have to pee, I, I just” Steve does not finish his sentence face scarlet as he pushes Billy away, thankful when Billy lets him and hurries upstairs to find an unoccupied bathroom.

Billy watches Steve with narrowed eyes, he felt Steve’s dick against his hip, he knows he is interested, so why is he not biting? Billy gets a new drink, and sips it slowly for a couple minutes letting Steve have a head start before he gives chase. Billy shoves some freshman that gets in his space a few minutes later, tired of this party and tired

of waiting. He chugs the rest of his drink, crumples the cup and tosses it, hitting Tommy in the side of the head across the way. Billy ignores Tommy's bitching as he heads upstairs to find Steve, sure he did not leave because Billy knows he brought Robin and she disappeared an hour ago with Heather.

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Steve ends up in the second floor bathroom, sitting on the edge of the tub as he pulls his phone out and dials Robin, who is at this party somewhere but Steve has not seen her in over an hour. She does not pick up on the first try, so he tries again, and then a third time when finally she picks up. "What!" Is hissed angrily into the phone and Steve winces knowing he has interrupted something.

"I need you." Steve says whisper soft, he hears rustling and soft muffled murmuring.

"What happened dingus?" Robin asks more gently.

"Billy Hargrove happened." Steve lets his head drop between his shoulders as he groans.

"When doesn't Billy Hargrove happen." Robin snickers and Steve does not appreciate it at all.

"Rob, I'm being serious!" Steve whines at the same time he hears a bang in the background, both down the hall and over the phone, then nothing for a long few minutes as Robin mutes her phone. "Robin, Robin are you okay?" Now Steve is panicking for a different reason.

"Calm down dingus." Robin cuts him off when he opens his mouth again and Steve lets out a sigh of relief, she sounds fine.

“What happened?”

“Some drunk asshole came barging in, no big deal, Heather is taking care of it.” Steve hears the annoyance in her voice and the muffled sound of conversation in the background but he cannot understand it. “Now what did Hargrove do this time?” There is an extra edge to her voice that Steve does not understand but he chalks it up to the drunk barging in on her and Heather.

“Or we can talk about you finally hooking up with Heather.” Steve tries because honestly talking about Billy and his ability to always get Steve’s dick at attention is just embracing. Steve should not find his antics attractive, he is gross, Steve has seen him do some really gross things and yet somehow he still finds him attractive. What is wrong with him?

“Nice try but we’ll talk about that tomorrow, right now let’s talk about your crush on Billy Hargrove and what he did to rile you up this time.”

“He cornered me and grabbed my ass and why does he insist on messing with me? Can’t he find someone else to pick on, it’s not my fault I find him attractive. I’ve tried really hard not to and there are so many good reasons to not find him attractive, he spits in the shower Robin, just like hawks a loogie and spits, but I still find him attractive I can’t help it. So why does he insist on fucking with me about it.” Steve is practically whining and he hates it but why is Billy so intent on pulling his chain? Steve hears the distinctive sound of Robin’s hand covering the mic and more muffled arguing.

“Where are you at?” Robin asks after a long moment.

“In the bathroom why?”

“Which bathroom?” Robin sounds insistent and Steve tips his head

back.

"I don't know one of the upstairs guest ones, I don't need you to bail on Heather to listen to me wallow." Steve signs out.

"Oh I'm not going to." There is another bang again both in the background of the phone and down the hall and Steve's brow pinches together in annoyance at the unnecessary banging of doors. "Have fun with Hargrove, I'll call you in the morning for all the details." Robin hangs up before Steve can question her. Steve stares down at the screen of his phone where it says call ended with confusion.

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Billy checks all of the rooms on the first floor with no success, walks in on multiple people in varying stages of undress, and one couple completely naked who tries to convince him to join. Maybe if Billy was not on a mission, was not so intent on finally getting one particular ass he would be tempted. Billy has been trying to get in Steve's pants for months though and he is not about to let a quick romp distract him from his end goal.

Billy has a plan to have access to that ass from now one once he gets it and while Steve used to get around rumor has it that after Nancy he has gone soft for monogamy. So Billy knows if he wants to keep him, fucking around is not going to help him out, especially not with how things ended between Steve and Nancy Wheeler. Eye on the prize, Billy shuts the door on the couple and ventures to the second floor.

Billy bangs the first door he comes upon loudly, grinning when he finds Heather and Robin in bed. "Hello ladies." Billy leers, looking Heather up and down, her top off bra still on, Robin on the other hand pulls the covers up over herself when the door bangs open. Robin glares at him while Heather rolls her eyes at her antics. Billy just grins. "You ladies don't happen to know where pretty boy has

run off to do you?"

"Get out of here Billy, we're busy." Heather tells him with a little laugh.

"Robin, Robin are you okay?" Billy cocks his head at the sound of Steve's voice, it is low distant, it takes him a moment to focus in on Robin's phone as the source.

"Pretty boy." Billy grins while going for the phone, Robin dances out of his reach, blanket pulled tight around her as Heather straddles his back where he lands on the bed, keeping him from going after Robin.

"Pipe down, if you promise to go clear things up with Steve I'll find out where he is for you." Robin says with an exasperated knowing look. Billy sucks his teeth, he does not like being told what to do but she is offering him what he wants so with a shrug he nods his head. Robin smirks pleased before taking the phone off mute.

Billy grins delighted when he finally gets the answer as to why Steve is not biting, why he keeps running away, an easy enough thing to clear up. He opens his mouth to say as much, only for Heather's hand to clamp over his mouth and Robin to glare at him, finger over her own mouth in reminder. Billy grumbles bucking Heather off of him and tries to get the phone again only to be tackled by Heather.

Robin watches them with a barely concealed laugh quickly getting the information Billy is looking for out of Steve. Billy is quick to toss Heather back on the bed as soon as he gets a hold of her, she is wily and squirmy and it takes a few tries before he is banging the door open to find his prize.

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There is banging on the bathroom door and Steve jumps startled.

“Occupied!” Steve shouts, the banging just keeps going and Steve sighs again, they must really need the bathroom. Steve unlocks the door and barely gets it open before the door is being shoved wide and Billy Hargrove is shoving his way inside, forcing Steve back against the sink as he kicks the door shut behind him.

Steve curses as his phone slips out of his hand but he cannot focus on that right now because Billy’s hands are on him again and he finds himself sitting on the sink, Billy pressed in close between his thighs. “What are you doing?” Steve gasps out, flushing as both of Billy’s hands find his ass pulling him to the edge, pulling him until their bodies are flush.

“Little bird let me know that you think I’ve just been messing with you. Come to put my money where my mouth is pretty boy. Or more accurately put my mouth on your ass.” Billy snickers as he kisses his neck and Steve’s brain stalls out for a long moment focusing on the feel of that mouth on his skin.

Steve’s brain finally gets with the program when he feels the outline of Billy’s hard cock pressing against his own and then his hands are on Billy sliding into his open shirt and touching all of the taunt tan skin he can reach. Billy is not just fucking with him after all and Steve definitely wants whatever he can get, has spent way to many months thinking about this gross asshole not to jump right on it, he can over think things tomorrow when he does not have alcohol still coursing through his veins.

“You’re wearing too many clothes.” Billy rasps against Steve’s throat, one hand sliding Steve’s shirt up while the other slides down, pressing under Steve’s jeans and underwear to get a handful of the fleshy globes of his ass.

“No you’re wearing too many clothes.” Steve insists eagerly trying to push Billy’s top off of his shoulder but the two buttons he actually bothered to do up cause it to catch against his ribs.

"Somethin' we can agree on." Billy lets the hand fall from Steve's back long enough to rip the two buttons left on his shirt. Grinning as Steve makes an appreciative noise in the back of his throat and his dick gives a kick where it is pressed against Billy's own bulge. Billy's hand is back on him, popping the button on Steve's jeans and ripping the zipper down.

"Pants off" Billy grins as he backs off, hands leaving Steve and he makes a noise of distress, hands reaching for Billy. "Come one bambie get 'em off." Billy instructs, hands batting away the ones reaching out for him. Steve huffs but slides off the edge of the counter lip between his teeth as he kicks off his shoes, pants following. He is bending down to get rid of his sock when Billy's hands are on him again shoving him back up onto the counter, Steve hisses at the cold contact against his ass.

"Tell me you want this." Billy rasps mouth against Steve's neck, grinning as he feels Steve shudder. Steve nods his head but it is not good enough, Billy wants more. "Words pretty boy, want to be clear."

"Why, so you can make fun of me after." Billy pulls back abruptly, Steve whines when he tries to follow, only to be stopped by Billy's strong hands.

"I make fun of you for a lot of things, the way you can't plant you fucking feet being at the fucking forefront but I wouldn't make fun of you about this. Not when I want you too. I have wanted you since I rolled up into Hawkins and got a look at this ass." Billy accentuates his point by letting his hand slide down Steve's ribs, over his hips before sliding back to squeeze his ass. Billy cannot wait to get his mouth on that ass. "Now tell me you want this." Billy scrapes his teeth against Steve's pulse, feeling it jump as Steve's hips rock trying to get some friction and Billy presses closer, giving him something to push up against.

"Yeah, yeah I want it." Steve finally admits, dick rocking against Billy's jean clad hip, smearing pre over the rough fabric as his hand

clenches at the bare skin of Billy's back.

Billy grins into Steve's skin as he sucks a mark against his neck, hands clutching on his ass before he starts kissing his way down Steve's chest, slurping at every mole he comes across. Steve curses and moans as Billy works his way down, fingers digging in harder, nails biting into the flesh of Billy's back, Billy is rock hard in his jeans as he moves lower dropping to his knees, Steve's moans and pants have him leaking against his zipper as he sucks another mark into Steve's flesh this time on the inside of his thigh.

"Wha—" Steve startles when Billy gets his hands under his thighs and presses them up, forcing Steve's shoulder blades against the mirror and his ass to the edge of the counter. "Oh, oh fuck" Steve curses out hurrying to cover his mouth and biting at the meat to keep the noises down, it barely works as Billy lick a line from his balls to his asshole.

Billy grins against Steve's ass, tongue twisting around his twitching hole, he has been waiting for this, dreaming about it since the first time he got a look at Steve's thick ass. "Plant your heels on my shoulders." Billy directs, as he lets his hands slide down to the meat of Steve's ass hanging off the edge of the sink. Steve's heels dig in when Billy pulls his cheeks apart, Billy moans as he dives right in, tongue twisting over Steve's hole before pressing in, forcing the tight muscle to let him in.

Steve's got a white knuckle grip in Billy's curls and it burns he is holding so tight but Billy ignores it in favor of pressing his tongue in deeper, thrusting in and out of Steve's tight rim. Billy grips his ass tighter, pulling his cheeks as far as they will go as he presses his mouth tight, drool sliding down Billy's chin, drenching Steve's crack, dripping onto the tiled floor and the knees of Billy's jeans.

Steve is burning up, why did Robin let him leave the house in two polo shirts and why did he leave them on when he lost his pants, Steve wants to take them off, but he cannot concentrate enough to even start. "Fuck Billy." Steve moans, the hand falling from his

mouth to join the other one in Billy's hair when Billy's teeth lightly scrape at his rim, mustache already tickling the sensitive skin with each press closer Billy makes. Steve is pretty sure he is going to die, as heat keeps billing and he chokes out moans as Billy keeps fucking him with his tongue, groaning against the meat of his ass sending vibrations through him.

Steve nearly screams when the door opens, he definitely shouts, it does not make it very far, Billy quickly kicking his foot back and slamming the door closed against whoever just tried to walk in on them. Billy does not stop but Steve is pulling at his hair with intent this time and does not let up until Billy finally pulls his face away, both of them ignoring the shouting coming from the outside of the bathroom door, Billy's foot still pressed back firmly against it. "What?" Billy growls out face shiny, tongue coming out to lap up the mess of spit dripping down his chin.

"We can't keep going." Steve feels like his heart is trying to beat out of his chest at almost getting caught, the whole town would have known before the sun came up tomorrow, they will likely know anyhow but Steve definitely does not want anyone but the two of them knowing the specifics.

"Why the fuck not?" Billy narrows his eyes, hopes Steve has not changed his mind, Billy's dick is throbbing and he wants to get his mouth back on Steve he was almost there Billy knows it.

"Someone just tried to walk in on us." Steve hisses somehow still having enough free flowing blood for his cheeks to go cherry, Billy kind of wants to bite them. Steve tries to wriggle out of Billy's hold and he just digs his fingers in deeper glad it is embarrassment at almost being caught in the act and not him changing his mind.

"So what, let the world watch I don't give a fuck." Billy dips his head down again, snapping his teeth hard against Steve's thigh when he smacks at his head. The smack is not hard but it is annoying, Steve gives a yelp as Billy sinks his teeth in hard.

“Ow asshole!” Steve yelps again as Billy gives another softer nip, Steve trails off into a moan as Billy slates his tongue against the abused flesh. “I fucking care.” Steve says but his hands are no longer trying to get Billy away, just petting through Billy’s hair clenching and unclench.

“You want to take this somewhere else?” Billy offers after a long moment, the asshole that nearly walked in on them still banging on the door and Billy does not want Steve to clam up, his dick has already dropped to half-mast from the fright, Billy wants him to enjoy himself, wants Steve to let him have his way, Billy will make it so good for him, he just needs Steve to agree.

“Yeah.” Steve’s voice is low, hands going even softer just stroking and Billy huffs out a sigh that blows over Steve’s shiny twitching hole, gives a soft kiss to it, a promise to return, grinning at the breathy noise Steve lets out before settling back and letting go of him. Billy grabs his shirt up off the floor sliding it on but not bothering to button it, the two he usually uses laying somewhere on the tile.

“Get your pants on, that ass has a private showing for two to get to pretty boy.” Billy waggles his tongue with a grin, pressing his shoulder back against the door as he rises, eyes trained on Steve wriggling back into his tight jeans. Billy lets his hands cup Steve’s ass when he bends over to tie his shoes, grinning when his flush deepens again but he wiggles his ass at Billy teasingly.

“Get the fuck out of my way.” Billy barks at the guy that was banging on the bathroom door glaring at him until he backs down and moves out of their way before looping an arm around Steve’s waist and leading him toward the stairs. Steve is still deeply red as they make their way down stairs, flinching as Tommy walks up to them whistling.

“You two finally fuck?” Tommy asks, eyeing them up and down

looking for a sign that he is right.

“Fuck off Tommy.” Steve shoves him away when he leans in close to Steve’s neck.

Billy glares at him pulling Steve tighter against him when Tommy just leans away cackling. “So not yet.”

“Carol come get your boyfriend before I beat his face in!” Billy shouts at Carol across the room, her drink spilling over the girl next to her as he startles her.

“The hell did you do Tommy?” Carol shouts as Billy drags Steve out of the house, ignoring Tommy’s continued laughter.

“God he’s such a prick, how are you friends with him.” Steve grumbles, huffing when Billy pushes him up against the side of the house and starts kissing his neck, trying to get him to relax again.

“You were friends with him first princess.” Billy reminds, laughing at the face Steve pulls.

“Shut up.” Steve tries to pull away from Billy with a pout but Billy just grabs his face between both of his hands and moves in for his mouth. “Your tongue has been in my ass.” Steve whines.

“And it’s going back there but first it’s going in your mouth.” Billy grins, shoving his tongue into Steve’s mouth when he opens it to make another protest. Steve puts up a short weak protest for a few seconds before giving in, letting his mouth fall wider, tongue curling around Billy’s as his hands fist up the back of Billy’s shirt. Billy wedges a thigh between Steve’s legs, pressing in as close as possible letting Steve rut down against his thigh until someone coughs awkwardly behind them.

“Hey Jonathan.” Steve coughs out cheeks going pink again as he averts his eyes, Billy just glares at the man.

“You two might want to find somewhere more private for that.” Jonathan gets out, his own eyes looking anywhere but at them, hand on the back of his neck rubbing, he is not deep enough in the shadows to hide his own blush.

“Yeah, yeah we’re going.” Billy grumbles annoyed at yet another interruption, it is not like he was going to take things further here anyway, well probably not, Steve probably would have actually put up a protest if Billy tried to get him naked right here.

“Bye Jonathan.” Steve calls with a laugh as Billy drags him to the Camaro and practically shoves him into the seat.

“What about my car.” Steve admittedly is not even sure where he parked, Robin and him had been talking and he kind of just blurred out everything else from leaving his house to walking into the party.

“We’ll get your car sometime tomorrow, you won’t need it before then.” Billy offers Steve a leer as he gets in and starts the car, honking the horn at a few drunks in their way. “I’m going to wear you out real fuckin’ good pretty boy.” Billy drops a hand high on Steve’s thigh with clear intention and Steve does not argue he is definitely on board for that.

Billy normally would not let anyone play with the radio but he does not even put up a pretense of protest as Steve flips around looking for something to listen to, just slides his hand higher, squeezing. Billy will put up with Steve’s terrible taste in music for tonight, hell he is willing to put up with it even longer if that means Steve is with him. Steve hums along to some awful soft song, one hand landing on Billy’s, cheeks pink as he looks out the window and Billy just grins, yeah totally worth it.

“The quarry really?” Steve asks, tone dubious as he turns to stare at Billy when he pulls onto the road leading out there.

“What, too good to mess around at the quarry pretty boy?” Billy teases unfazed, pulling his hand away to shift gears and going faster, grinning when Steve makes a startled noise and reaches out a hand to grab at Billy’s arm. Billy keeps the speed up, slowing down at the last minute, tires skidding and tossing gavel out in front of them.

“You are fucking insane.” Steve hisses his hand tight on Billy’s arm, Billy just grins and tugs the hand from his arm so he can tug Steve close enough he can kiss him, pleased when Steve does not protest just kisses him right back with vigor. Billy nearly forgets about the stick between them until Steve groans in complaint when Billy tries to pull him even closer, Steve rears back with it glaring at the offending center console.

Billy laughs and pushes his door open, Steve’s eyes shifting to him with curiosity as Billy pushes his seat forward and climbs into the back seat. Billy leaves the door open as he lays on his back over the seat, legs stretched and hanging out the door. “Get naked and get back here, I’m not done with that pretty ass of yours.” Billy grins at Steve as he flushes and starts stripping, giving a chuckle as Steve bangs his head in his hurry to get back to Billy.

“Easy princess” Billy leans up and steadies Steve as he climbs over the wide gap between the two front seats “get on up here, this is the throne you were meant for.” Billy grins licking over his teeth. He helps Steve maneuver until he is straddling Billy’s face.

Steve has to hunch over to keep from hitting his head again, hands balancing on Billy’s thighs as Billy gets his hands on Steve’s hips and pulls him down. “Get my dick out for me pretty boy” Billy commands before pressing a sloppy open mouthed kiss against Steve’s rim. Steve’s hands are clumsy as they rip at Billy’s button and zipper, little hitching moans leaving him as Billy starts pressing his tongue in and out again.

Billy is not wearing any underwear and his dick springs free as soon as Steve gets his pants down hard and leaking, glistening in the moonlight. Steve's never had a cock in his mouth but he definitely wants to change that. He is nervous though, so he settles for using his hands for now, that is something he is familiar with, touch light, hips jerking when Billy moans against him at the first tentative touch.

"It's not going to bite you, get your hand on it, know you've touched more dicks than your own. Tommy can't keep his fucking mouth shut." Billy says it right against Steve's ass, each word vibrating against Steve's rim, mustache tickling before he presses up more firmly, pulls Steve down where he wants him and dives back in.

"Oh fuck Billy." Steve pants pressing down against Billy's face as he wraps a hand firmly around Billy's dick, the other hand clenching Billy's thigh hard. Steve runs his hand over Billy's dick fingers dancing against Billy's pre covered tip, getting another glob to dribble out and he uses that to slick his hand. Steve strokes Billy the way he himself likes to be touched, most of his focus on the tongue in his ass.

Billy keeps working his tongue in and out of Steve, twisting and turning, teeth scraping lightly over sensitive skin. He wants to make Steve cum while sitting on his face, he wants to feel Steve shake apart. Billy does not even care when Steve gets distracted and is barely stroking his cock because he is circling his hips hard against Billy's mouth.

The night air is warm, hot and sticky, sweat pricking at Steve's skin as heat pools in his stomach. He cannot help the little circles of his hips, as he actively grinds down against Billy's face. Billy does not seem to mind and Steve just keeps going, hand falling lax on Billy's dick as he gets closer. Steve abandoned Billy's dick entirely in favor of his own dick, desperately close. It only takes a few short strokes before Steve is cumming all over his hand and Billy's chest and stomach.

Billy groans as Steve's thighs tighten around his face, tongue fucking up harder into him as he feels Steve shake. Steve's moans reach new heights as he cums and Billy's hips hitch as hot cum splashes against his dick and stomach. Billy keeps licking at Steve's fluttering hole until he moves, flopping forward, ass going high in the air above Billy, spent cock hanging pretty in the moonlight as Steve's head hits his thigh, hot breath panting against Billy's hard cock pressed against his leg by Steve's weight.

Billy kisses Steve's still trembling thighs before grabbing at his waist and pushing Steve where he wants him, making him lower his hips so Billy can get a good look at his glistening hole. Billy sucks one of his own fingers into his mouth, letting it out with a wet pop and rubbing it against Steve hole, pressing in. Steve moans, shifting, his mouth brushing Billy's shaft and he moans too, that finger going deeper.

"I want to fuck you." Billy rasps, voice thick and dick twitching as Steve moans again, vibrating against Billy's cock. Steve nods his head against Billy's thigh, he wants that, he really really wants that, his cock giving a kick of interest where it is now stuck between his belly and Billy's clavicle.

"Yeah, yeah, want that." Steve finally says aloud when Billy's finger stops moving, waiting. Billy grins and presses a second spit slick finger in, Steve all relaxed and pliant as he is making the push easy, even if he is still tight. Billy shifts his fingers searching, grinning as Steve lets out a startled shout, hips bucking as his cock starts to swell.

"Again." Steve demands, hips shifting as he tries to get Billy to hit that spot again.

"Behave pretty boy." Billy gives Steve's ass a slap, grin widening as Steve lets out another moan and he presses against Steve's prostate again. "I'm going to fucking wreak you." Billy gives Steve's thick ass another slap watching it jiggle as Steve cant his hips and moans again, breath hot as his chin rubs against Billy's cock.

Billy is just about to tell Steve to put his mouth to good use when the distinctive sound of a car engine and gravel shifting alerts them to coming company. They both scramble to the front seats, Steve going for his clothes, whining when Billy tugs one of his polos from his grasp and starts wiping the cum from his chest. “That’s my shirt you dick.” Steve hisses, pulling on his other one, feet still bare but pants pulled up as the chief’s car stops right next to the Camaro.

Billy curses as Hopper gets out of his car with an annoyed huff, flashlight swinging and shining light in both of their faces. “Seriously Steve.” Hopper says with annoyance.

Billy raises an eyebrow as Steve gives the man a sheepish shrug through the open window. “Hi Hop.”

“I expect better out of you, this is private property, you know better.” Hopper says flashlight lifting up and shining right in Billy’s eyes when he gives a little huffing laugh.

“Sorry Hopper.” Steve is sorry that Hopper caught them at the very least, not sorry about what they were getting up to.

Hopper huffs a great big sigh clicking his flashlight off. “Warning this time, now get out of here and I really, really don’t want to catch either of you again.” Hopper stomps off toward his car, Steve and Billy both letting out chuckles as the man peels out.

“That went well.” Billy starts the car as he smoothes a hand through his hair, that went way easier than he was expecting for a small town like Hawkins.

“I watch his kid from time to time, he’s a good man.” Steve offers with a shrug, messing with the radio again as Billy backs the Camaro up.

“Where to princess, I’m not done with you.” Billy leers over at Steve.

“My place, no one will be there.” Steve’s got his bottom lip between his teeth as he turns to look at Billy through his eyelashes.

“Perfect, how about in the meantime you get your mouth on my dick?” Billy slides his seat back as far as he can while driving, when Steve flushes and leans close. Steve settling awkwardly behind the gear shaft, it will be difficult when Billy eventually has to change gears but for now it is perfect.

The top button of Billy’s pants are still open and his dick once again springs free as Steve slides the zipper down. Steve breathes hotly against the tip of Billy’s cock before giving it a tentative lick, he has never sucked a cock before, but he has tasted his own cum and it does not taste bad, neither does the pre oozing from Billy’s slit.

Steve slides his mouth around the tip, mouth stretched wide as he keeps going, Steve himself is big, long, but Billy, Billy is thick, drool runs down Steve’s chin as he takes a little more, stopping just short of choking himself and just resting for a moment. Steve swallows around the girth, heat pooling in his belly as Billy groans and drops a hand to his hair.

“Come on pretty boy, suck on it, it’s all for you.” Steve hums around Billy’s cock and then starts sucking. Billy’s hand twines in his hair, gently leading him to rise before pressing him back down, going a little farther each time Steve does not choke.

Steve likes it, like the feel of Billy in his mouth, the hand in his hair gentle but leading, even if the stretch of his jaw is a little uncomfortable. Steve swallows around Billy, as his mouth fills with spit and pre, moaning as another burst of pre hits his soft palate. Steve pushes further down, tries to take more and accidentally goes too far choking himself.

“Easy.” Billy soothes as Steve lifts off for a few moments, breathing heavily against Billy’s slick cock. Spit drips down his chin and all over Billy’s jeans but he could not care less about that. He just gives Steve a few panting breaths and little weak coughs, fingers sliding through his hair. “Do you want to try again?” Billy asks when Steve regains his breath and he has stopped coughing. Billy groans when Steve’s answer is to get his mouth back on his dick.

God it is sloppy and messy and Steve accidentally scrapes his teeth a little too hard against Billy’s dick more than once. It could be filed under the worst blow job Billy has ever had, if it was not Steve Harrington’s lips wrapped around his dick. He makes up for his ineptitude with eagerness and a willingness to let Billy direct his movements and Billy is gushing. He keeps spilling pre into Steve’s throat and every time he makes a little pleased humming noise that goes right to Billy’s gut making his balls tighten.

“Fuck, fuck.” Billy is trying to warn Steve, hand in his hair pulling him back as he slams the brakes at a stop light. Steve pops his head up, eyes a little watery as he looks up at Billy, bottom lips still right against the tip of Billy’s dick and Billy loses the battle and cum paints Steve’s face.

Steve startles flinching back with the suddenness, Billy’s hand in his hair keeping him from going far. Steve just closes his eyes after the initial shock, mouth still parted, tongue coming out to catch the cum dripping down his face as he waits for it to stop.

“Fuck.” Billy says again, hand relaxing from its tight grip in Steve’s hair to pet down over his neck, thumbing over his pulse. “Shit.” He grabs Steve’s discarded shirt from earlier and uses a clean edge to wipe at the mess he has made all over Steve’s face. There is cum dripping down to the gear shaft and Billy knows it is going to be a bitch to get it all out but it totally worth the Saturday he is going to have to spend cleaning his car.

“It was alright?” Steve asks a little self-consciously. Billy does not answer with words, just surges forward and kisses him, licking into his mouth. Steve moans, knows Billy is tasting himself and finds it weirdly hot, it has Steve’s cock kicking in his jeans ready for round two.

“Yeah it was alright, maybe tomorrow I’ll show you how it’s really done?” Billy rasps before licking back into Steve’s mouth chasing the taste of himself. Steve moans into the kiss, leaning in close, hands clutching Billy’s shirt.

“Not tonight?” Steve asks, he likes the idea of Billy between his thighs regardless of where his mouth is, his cock definitely likes the idea, dribbling a little pre at the thought.

“Nah, I’ve got other plans for tonight.” Billy grins as he pulls back all tongue and teeth, hand heavy on Steve’s thigh as he takes his foot off the break and turns right onto Steve’s street. Steve feels his nerves pricking again the closer they get to his house, the only thing keeping him grounded is Billy’s palm on his thigh.

“You going to invite me in?” Billy asks hand back on Steve’s thigh as soon as he parks, wide smile pulling at his lips. The street light shining in through the side window cuts an arch across Billy’s cheeks hiding his eyes in shadows. Steve can see the freckles dusting across those cheeks and Billy’s nose and he leans in and gives it a kiss.

Billy goes cross eyed as Steve leans over, he is expecting a kiss on the mouth, pleasantly surprised, stomach going warm and fluttery when Steve instead kisses his nose. “You have really cute freckles Billy.” Mouth falling to a softer smile as Steve pulls back just enough to kiss both of his cheeks, a blush coloring them. “Do you want to come in?”

Steve’s cheeks are pink as he leans back but he does not get very far, Billy hooking a hand behind his neck and pulling him in for a kiss. Softer, less urgent than their earlier kisses and Steve thinks it might

mean something, might mean more than just tonight and he definitely would not mind more, more than tonight, more than just the sex. “Let’s get inside before we put on a show for your neighbors.”

Steve flushes even more, hands fumbling with the door handle and Billy just grins as he watches him, lets him get out of the car before making chase. Billy slides over the hood of his car, Steve already at the door, fingers fumbling with his keys and Billy cannot resist, presses into him, full body, pressing Steve against the door.

“Thought you didn’t want to put on a show.” Steve huffs, fingers still fumbling with the keys at the lock while Billy works a mark into his neck.

“A little one couldn’t hurt.” Billy teases, the weight of them sending the door flying forward when Steve finally gets the lock undone and twists the handle. Billy catches himself and Steve before they end up crashing to the ground, one hand going out and catching the door before it has a chance to come back and smack Steve in the face. “Another time.” Billy shuffles them in until he can get the door closed behind them, turning the lock before he is on Steve again.

Billy presses him against the closest wall for a long minute, jean clad cocks rubbing together as Billy kisses and sucks at Steve’s neck. Steve’s hands find his hair as Billy slides his hands down Steve’s ribs to his ass again, grabbing the meat and lifting. “Which way pretty boy?”

“Upstairs,” Steve gasps out his head thunking against the wall before Billy pulls him away from it, carrying him up the stairs, still mouthing at his neck like it is not a strain at all. It is hot, Steve’s dick giving a kick of appreciation where it is trapped against Billy’s stomach, each step up the stairs giving him more friction. Steve tangles his fingers in Billy’s curls, it is not as if he actually needs to hold on, Billy’s got a firm hold on him, and drags Billy’s mouth up to his, distractedly pointing left when they get to the top of the stairs.

Steve's back hits the bed, Billy solid where he presses him more firmly against it, mouths still latched together, tongues twining and it should be gross, but at this point Steve does not care where Billy's mouth has been. "Too many clothes." Steve complains as Billy drags his mouth down his chin, to the hinge of his jaw, sucking a mark that has Steve bucking his hips up against him.

"I couldn't agree more," Billy says as he hooks his hands in the hem of Steve's polo before ripping it up over his head, forcing him to lift up off the bed as Billy drags it up. As soon as he is free of the fabric Steve is falling back flat and watching with appreciative eyes as Billy's fingers find his jeans and makes quick work of them, dragging them down Steve's legs, ripping his shoes and socks off with haste before finally freeing Steve of his pants.

Billy moves back in with intent but Steve does not want to be the only one naked and on display, he wants to see Billy bare too so he plants a foot in the middle of Billy's chest. "You're still wearing too much." He complains, chewing his bottom lip as Billy catches his ankle and drops a kiss against it, making Steve's stomach flip pleasantly.

"Guess I should do something about that." Billy says, stepping back and dancing a little, hips swaying to music only he can hear as he shimmies out of his shirt. He grins down at Steve, tongue wiggling as he watches that flush travel over Steve nearly invisible in the low light coming in through the window. Billy dances over to the nightstand as he drags his hands down his chest to pop the button and zipper on his jeans. Soft golden light fills the room as Billy kicks his shoes off while shimmying out of his pants, grinning wider at the noise Steve makes as his cock springs free and slaps against his belly.

Billy barely has his pants off before Steve is in his space drawing him down onto the bed with him, mouth hungry against his own. Billy takes advantage of both of them naked together for the first time tonight pressing their warm bodies close and rutting as sweat starts

to prick at their skin and pre dribbles against their bellies. “Where do you keep your lube?” Billy asks, hands digging into the meat of Steve’s as he slides their dicks together harder, leaving a trail of spit and teeth marks down Steve’s neck. “Tell me you have lube.” Billy adds when Steve does not respond right away, mouth too busy panting and moaning.

“Yeah of course I have lube.” Steve says through a laughing moan, hand waving distractedly toward the night stand. “Top drawer.” Billy does not let go of Steve as he rolls them, Steve ending up on top of him rutting down against him as Billy finally drags a hand away distractedly reaching for the lube.

Billy makes a triumphant noise into Steve’s mouth as he finally gets a hold of it. “You getting a lot of use out of this?” Billy asks, the bottle itself looks pretty new he recognizes the brand with a new design that only came out in the last few weeks and it is already half empty.

“Just me and my hand” Steve huffs and the silly worry of someone else eases right out of Billy’s chest, he already knew, the town talks too much for secrets, he does not know why that worry even slipped in.

“Well we’re about to change that.” Billy says as he flips them back over, kissing a trail down Steve’s neck, his collarbone, his chest, teeth digging into his nipple making Steve shudder and arch up off of the bed. Billy pops the cap on the lube and dribbles some on his fingers, rubbing them together to warm it up a little before letting his fingers slide over Steve’s crack before circling his rim and pressing one in slow and steady knowing Steve can take it.

“That’s it, you’re doing so good.” Billy praises as he pulls it back in and starts adding a second finger, Steve making breathy noises under him, hands fisted in the sheets. Billy scissors them, stretching Steve out and spreading lube, making Steve squirm and pant, hips shifting as he tries to get Billy’s fingers where he wants them. Billy grins, mouthing at Steve’s nipple as he finally gives in and hooks his

fingers, hitting Steve's prostate a few times before dragging his fingers out and adding more lube before pressing a third finger in.

Steve's breath hitches at the feel of three fingers, Billy's fingers already thicker than his own, the stretch is new but not unwelcome. Billy is quick to hit his prostate again, fingers reaching so much deeper than Steve can ever get his own, making him see stars and buck up against Billy's smiling mouth trailing lower over his stomach, stopping from time to time to worry a mark into his skin. "Billy!" Steve whines as Billy presses a fourth finger in, sure he is ready, he does not want to wait any longer, he feels like he has unknowingly been waiting for this moment since Billy first rode into town.

"Yeah baby?" Billy asks, moving further down and pushing Steve's thigh up so he can watch Steve's slick rim stretch around his fingers. Watching him clench down around the stretch, licking over his lips half a second before he is leaning down and licking around his fingers unable to resist uncaring that all he can taste right now is lube. Steve makes a shocked high noise as Billy's tongue licks around his fingers, dipping in just the tip and feeling Steve's rim start clenching with abandon.

"Billy!" Steve shouts again, something panicky in his voice drawing Billy's attention, making him pull back quickly to look up at Steve with concern. "Are you going to fuck me or not?" Steve asks, mouth twisted up like he is actually worried that Billy is not.

"Oh I absolutely am." Billy says, leaning back up and kissing Steve's whining mouth as he drags his finger out. "I just couldn't help getting another taste of your pretty ass."

"That's nice and all but I'd like to cum on your cock this time." Steve says it so casually despite his flush deepening and Billy buries his face in the crook of Steve's neck, dick leaking heavily where it hangs between them.

“Are you clean, I’m clean but I’ll put a condom if you want me to.” Billy asks peppering kisses against Steve’s neck, wanting to desperately press into Steve bare but knowing better than to just do that.

“Yeah, yeah you can go in bare. I got tested a few weeks ago after my last breakup, we’re good.” Steve says the idea pooling heat heavily in his belly, something he has definitely thought about alone at night while getting off on his fingers.

Billy feels giddy at the thought as he leans up and catches Steve’s mouth in a filthy kiss, pouring more lube on his hand and coating his cock. “You ready?” Billy asks, licking over his lips as he lines up, the head of his cock teasingly brushing against Steve’s fluttering rim, he laughs as Steve glowers up at him for the tease, catching his mouth in another kiss as he presses in.

Steve lets Billy’s tongue distract him as much as possible, Billy’s dick is a lot thicker and longer than his fingers and it is an adjustment. Billy presses in slowly though, tongue pressing into his mouth a pleasant distraction as Steve adjusts to this new fuller feeling. Billy cock drags over his prostate slowly as he presses in even deeper, and Steve’s mouth drops open on a little hitching moan as he bottoms out.

“Hey, you okay?” Billy asks as he breaks the kiss, pressing their foreheads together instead and watching as Steve’s eyes flutter back open. Steve sucks his bottom lip in with a little nod and Billy leans in and rubs their noses together. “Good, you feel real good pretty boy.” Billy whispers as he peppers Steve’s nose and cheeks with kisses. “I always knew you would but this is better than I ever dreamed.”

“Yeah?” Steve asks, stomach all liquid and fluttering, dick kicking at the praise as he squirms up against Billy, shifting and clenching as he gets used to the fullness, wanting more. “You dream of me often?” He asks as Billy pulls back just a bit and then rolls his hips, the weight of his cock pressing against Steve’s prostate as he rolls harder than

softer, just making a constant buzz of pleasure well up in Steve.

“Every damn day since I first saw you.” Billy admits as he pulls out further and starts slowly fucking into Steve. He presses up onto his elbow with one hand, taking some of his weight off of Steve, the other catching one of Steve’s hands and twining their fingers as he presses it back down against the mattress. Steve’s hand clenches around his, holding on tight as Steve’s cock leaks between them with a sway as Billy picks up the pace.

Steve is flushing from more than the heat building in his belly, as Billy’s dick hits his prostate over and over. It is the way Billy is staring down at him, eyes honest and open, the way the light and shadows play across them making them look like a fathomless ocean that Steve could get lost in. Steve sucks in a shaky breath as Billy shifts and the angle changes and he has an excuse to break away from Billy’s intense gaze for a moment as he lets his eyes fall closed on a moan.

“I’ve been dreaming about getting in this ass and everything else I want to do with you.” Billy whispers as Steve moans again, one of his legs coming up and wrapping around Billy’s hip trying to draw him in even deeper. “Dinner and breakfast, date nights with shitty movies and bands in dive bars” Billy grins as Steve’s eyes flutter back open, free hand coming up to drag Billy down. “Road trips, the stupid town fair, I’ll win you a fish.”

Steve has a laughing moan bubble up against Billy’s mouth as he shakes his head. “I want a giant stuffed animal, I’d kill a fish, they don’t make any noise.” Steve says hand tangling in Billy’s curls, just wanting him closer.

“Guess I’ll just have to stick around to make sure it stays alive.” Billy says as he catches Steve’s mouth and means it, it is not just endorphins talking, Billy has been thinking about this for a long time. There is just a slight hint of nerves creeping in Billy’s stomach and he slows his thrust, drags his cock in and out of Steve at a slower pace

making him whine and moan. “If you want me to, that is.”

It takes Steve’s mind a minute to focus back on Billy’s world, stomach a fluttery warm storm as he smiles softly up at Billy’s nervous eyes. “Billy do you really think we’d be here right now if I didn’t want you to stick around?” Steve’s smile grows at the relief he can see in Billy’s eyes and the wide smile that cracks his face.

“I hope you know what you’ve signed up for pretty boy, no getting rid of me now.” Billy says as he leans down and catches Steve’s mouth in a hungry kiss and picks his pace back up. He shifts forward on his knees, keeps pushing until Steve raises his hips and Billy can slide them right under, managing to get even deeper inside of Steve.

“Why, why would I want to get rid of you?” Steve asks, already aware of a lot of Billy’s less desirable qualities and they certainly have done nothing to sway his attraction to Billy. “Oh fuck.” Steve moans as Billy lets some of his weight drop, using his hand clasped with Steve’s to brace all of him as he gets a hand between them and starts stroking Steve’s cock.

Billy just kisses him again, mouth trailing down his neck, glad they are on the same page. Pre spills between them over their bellies, he is close so close but he wants Steve to cum first, wants to feel Steve coming undone around him. “Billy!” Steve cries out, shaking and desperate, nails digging into the skin at the back of Billy’s neck, the little sting of pain only adding to his building pleasure.

“You going to cum for me pretty boy?” Billy asks and Steve squirms and whimpers around a moan, he is, he definitely is, he is almost there. “Want you to cum, I want to feel you come apart as I fill you up.” Billy rasps mouth against Steve’s neck, teeth digging in and Steve vaguely wonders how many marks Billy has left in his skin, finds it just adds even more heat to his belly. “When you’re lax and dripping, I’m going to clean you out with my tongue.” That is it, that is what does it, that and Billy’s hand stroking over his cock, firm and sure, his dick sliding in hard and fast making sure he is putting

constant pressure on Steve's prostate, and that image, the image of Billy sucking his own cum out of Steve's ass is what tips him over the edge.

Billy groans into Steve's chest as he clenches around him, pale skin all sweat slicked as he arches up against Billy, cock spilling sticky heat between them. It is that and the feel of Steve's mouth against his neck, worrying a mark of his own into Billy's tan skin that has him moaning as he spills inside of Steve's clenching heat.

Billy pants and laps at the sweat of Steve's skin, hips still rocking back and forth but not pulling free, wanting to stay inside of Steve forever. He has no intention of moving, not as Steve's hand drags lazily up and down his back making goose flesh rise as the sweat starts cooling on their bodies. "You're kind of heavy." Steve whispers against his hair, smile pressed against his sweaty curls.

"You literally sat on my face earlier and you're complaining about my weight?" Billy teases, trying very hard to stay inside of Steve as he flips them over to their sides while Steve laughs.

"We both know you have more muscle than me, even in your neck." Steve leans in again, teething at Billy's neck with a whine as Billy's cock slips free.

Billy wipes his hand on the blanket, his other still holding Steve's, and drags it up Steve's back to tangle in his hair, using it to pull his head back so Billy can kiss him again, he does not think he will ever get tired of it. "So did it live up to your dreams?" Steve asks as Billy pulls back and he just smiles softly at that little hint of worry shining in Steve's dark eyes.

"Oh pretty boy, surpassed them, far surpassed them but we have a lot of dreams to get to." Billy says, smile sliding to a leer as he drags his hand back down Steve's back, over his ass before he presses two fingers between Steve's lube and cum slick cheeks, pressing at his

clenching rim.

"Yeah, I think maybe we can get through some of them tonight. The fair isn't around for another couple months though." Steve says chewing on his bottom lip, those butterflies back as Billy's leer slides back to something soft and warm and it is digging a tunnel from his belly to that special place under his rib cage.

"I'm going to win you the biggest stuffed animal they have to go with our fish." Billy says kissing Steve softly. A contrast to the speed with which he presses his fingers in and out of Steve, spreading them to play in the mess he has left behind making Steve whine and moan, hips hitching with indecision unsure if he wants more or less, definitely not prepared to get it up again just yet. "There's a band I like playing a town over on Sunday. Do you want to go with me?" Billy asks, mouth sliding lower, attacking Steve's neck with teeth and tongue matching the intensity of his fingers and making Steve's head swim muddy.

"I get off work at seven." Steve stutters out on a hitching moan as Billy's mouth trails farther down catching one of his nipples and sucking hard, teeth dragging over the beaded nub as Steve clenches one hand in the sheets the other around Billy's so hard he is afraid one of them is going to end up with brushes from it.

"Perfect I'll pick you up at eight we can grab a bite at the dinner they don't start till ten." Billy mutters grinning up at Steve through his thick golden lashes before latching his mouth onto Steve's other nipple and making him buck ,cock half hard between them and cum and lube spilling out around Billy's fingers and drenching Steve's ass and thighs.

"I remember a promise of cleaning up the mess you made." Steve rasps out once he is over the indecision and once again on board with getting off. Billy finally pulls off his nipple with one last hard suck that has Steve's head spinning.

"I always keep my promises." Billy assures with a wide grin that has those butterflies fluttering under the cage of Steve's ribs, gasping out a laugh as Billy suddenly flips him onto his stomach pressing him down against the mattress before dragging his hips up as Billy trails his mouth along his spine. "Hello beautiful."

"Billy!" Steve whines when Billy's teeth snap against his ass cheek, cock filling out the rest of the way and dripping against the soiled bedspread.

"Don't worry baby I got you." Billy reassures as he drags Steve's cheeks apart. Billy does not waist anytime rendering Steve a drilling moaning mess as he cleans his seed from his ass.

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Steve stretches as he wakes pleasantly sore. Billy had kept him up until the break of dawn before cuddling up and passing out. Steve reaches out and frowns disappointment like a stone in his belly as he finds his bed empty of all but him. He rolls to his back trying to fight the sting in his eyes. He just lays there feeling like a sucker for believing Billy wanted more than just one night, until the soft banging around from down stairs filters into his ears.

There is a flare of hope, a flutter of excitement as he drags loose pajama pants on that it will be Billy downstairs and not his parents home early from their latest trip. Spying Billy's clothes still scattered on the floor, nearly tripping over one of his boots makes that hope grow as Steve stumbles into the bathroom to give his teeth a quick brush and his bladder some relief.

Steve stumbles down stairs less than ten minutes later, a wide dopey grin breaking over his face as he finds Billy in the kitchen. The music is on low, barely audible over the scrape of the spatula and the sizzle of bacon. Steve leans against the door frame and watches Billy's bare ass as he sways, the apron tied around his waist, the only thing

breaking up his view as the strings sway with Billy's movements.

"Morning pretty boy, enjoying the view?" Billy asks with a grin as he turns to find Steve watching him. Wide grin spitting his face matching Steve's, a cigarette tucked behind his ear, hair pulled up in a messy bun with curls falling into his eyes.

"Best view I've ever had in my kitchen." Steve says, pushing off the doorway and moving closer until he is in Billy's space, hands following the line of that apron cut across Billy's hips. "I got worried when I woke up and didn't find you there, thought maybe you were blowing smoke up my ass." Steve admits feeling immediately stupid for letting the words spill from his mouth.

Billy drops the spatula onto the little ceramic dish meat to hold dirty spoons and ladles and grabs Steve, one hand finding his cheek the other a tight heat against his hip, thumb brushing over the sharp curve of the bone. Billy waits until Steve's brown eyes come up to meet his, the little flecks of gold and green catching lighting up in the late afternoon sunlight streaming in through the open windows. "I told you, there's no getting rid of me now pretty boy." Billy reminds and that fluttering under his chest swarms cheeks heating as he kisses him.

"Good because I think you broke me, seriously how is anyone else supposed to live up to that." Steve says and this time Billy is the one with a flood of butterflies trying to swarm up his throat as they share a grin.

"They aren't you're all mine now." Billy says very seriously as he drags Steve closer until there is no space between them. Now that he's got Steve he has no intentions of letting anyone else have him.

"Yeah, you going to keep me?" Steve asks, cheeks aching as he grins even wider, arms snaking around Billy's waist, fingers dipping down to brush over the swell of Billy's ass.

“Never going to fucking let you go.” Billy says with a flash of tongue over teeth before he is dragging Steve in again for a long hard kiss. They do not pull apart until the food starts to smell off, the eggs and bacon both burning and Billy ends up having to scrap all of it into the trash and start over from scratch.

-End

Author's Note:

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